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# AN ELEGY

On the much lamented Death of *Jack Clifford*, the News-Cryer,  
formerly Packet-carrier to *B—y VVb—ch—t.*

Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Tara, Tantara, Murmur.

Far. Rh.

**W**HAT, *Clifford* dead! no Poet to rehearse,  
And roar his Praises in Heroick Verse!  
Not one of all the Scribblers in the City,  
To grace his *Exit* with a mournful Ditty!  
*Clifford*, the great--- of never-dying Fame!  
The Streets and Allies tremble at his Name;

*Clifford*! so long Renown'd for crying Newses,  
The very Life and Spirit of the *Muses*!  
The Town had been asleep, the Poets Dead,  
Their Merits clouded, and their Works unread,  
Not only *This*—— but they had wanted Bread;  
Had it not been for *Clifford's* brazen Tongue,  
He loudly Cry'd, what They had sweetly Sung;  
Not louder roar'd the bolts of angry *Jove*,  
When hurl'd impetuous from the Realms above;  
Not louder co'ld a bursted Cannon roar,  
Nor Billows broken on a rocky Shore;  
Strong were his Lungs, so strong, that I dare venture,  
*Homer* wou'd have prefer'd him to his *Stentor*,  
Had he but known him—— and *Stentor* often,  
By his loud cries, did others Tumults soften;  
So he by Cries and Clamours full as loud,  
Allay'd the Tumults of the gaping Crowd,  
Who circil'd round him with attentive Pride,  
Mov'd as he mov'd, and listen'd as he cry'd:  
But now, alas! the Man is dead and rotten,  
But yet his Name shall never be forgotten.  
HE, that so often has made others cry,  
In justice shou'd not want an Elegy;  
HE, that so often has made others laugh,  
In justice shou'd not want an Epitaph:  
*Tom S——d——n*, I'm sure, will give a list,  
To Pen his Praises, so will Doctor *S——t*;  
As they Lamented *Demar's* Fate before;  
*Demar* was very Rich, and *Clifford* very poor:  
But yet shou'd *S——t* and *S——d——n* refuse,  
To pay the grateful tribute of their Muse;  
Tho' thou, great *Clifford*, art for ever hurl'd  
From the dull Region of this upper-World;  
Yet you may still remain in *Statuquo*,  
And cry thy Packets in the Shades below;  
*VVb—ch—t*, thy quondam Master, will reward thee,  
And *Lucifer*, his Master, will regard thee.

## THE EPI TAPH.

Great News— great News— Who buys? who buys?  
Poor *Clifford's* Dead: And here he ly's.